

Who Will Care For Me

There's a Little Rustic Cottage
o'er the Sea.
Around the Door the Crimson
Roses Twine.
There's a Sweet But Lonesome
Little Baby.
Waiting for His Papa, by the
Climbing Vine.



Lyrics and Music by
Ralph Leisher
Composer of
"TO THE OLD HOME, OH LET ME GO BACK"
"WHEN THE LEAVES TURN TO GOLD"

IF PAPA FALLS ON THE

BATTLE-FIELD

LET THERE BE PEACE



Ralph W. Leisher
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Who Will Care For Me?

Lyric & Music by
RALPH LEISHER

Andante Moderato

There's a lit-tle rus-tic cot-tage o'er the sea, A-round the door the crimson roses twine, There's a
Out up-on the cold and drear-y bat-tle field, Where shells are bursting and the cannon roar, There's a
I am pleading for the ba-by and the home, The lit-tle fel-low nations rob by strife Of his
lit-tle ba-by who is sad and lonesome, Waiting for his pa-pa by the climbing vine. In the
wear-y sol-dier who is sweet-ly dreaming Of a brown-eyed ba-by by the cot-tage door. To a
pa-pa and the hap-py gold-en moments, Bringing to him sorrow for a hap-py life, For his
evening when the hearth-stone fires are low, And his ma-ma sings her sweetest lul-la-by, Tears are
lone-ly sol-dier on the bat-tle field Lit-tle hearts are held in fondest mem-o-ry, Wait-ing
ma-ma with her sil-ver tint-ed hair Who is pray-ing for the cruel war to cease, That the
fall-ing gen-tly on her fad-ed cheek, As she hears her lone-ly ba-by soft-ly sigh.
for him by the ros-es near the gate, In the path-way neath the shad-y ap-ple tree.
blight and sorrow soon may pass a-way, For the dawn-ing day of u-ni-ver-sal peace.

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CHORUS

Oh, the lone-ly lit-tle hearts a-cross the sea, — They are sad-ly cry-ing, "No one cares for

me, — My dear pa-pa fell up-on the bat-tle field, — But the

war-ring na-tions do not think of me?" — Oh, to-night as you rock your dar-ling

ba-by, Have a heart for the babe a-cross the sea, — As his

ma-ma rocks him gent-ly in-to dream-land He is soft-ly sigh-ing, "Who will care for me?"

